

## "THE HEART KNOWETH."

Sometimes my little woe is lulled to rest,  
Its clamor shamed by some old poet's page—  
Tumult of hurrying hoof, and battle rage,  
And dying knight, and trampled warrior crest.  
Stern faces, old heroic souls unblest.  
Eye me with scorn, as they my grief would gage,  
A mere child, schooled to weep upon the stage,  
Tricked for a part of woe and somber drest.  
"Lo, who art thou," they ask, "that thou shouldst fret  
To find, forsooth, one single heart undone?  
The page thou turnest there is purple wet  
With blood that gushed from Caesar overthrown!  
Lo, who art thou to prate of sorrow?" Yet  
This little woe it is my own, my own!

—Charlotte Wilson, in McClure's.

## THE MAN WHO DID THINGS TWICE

By DON MARK LEMON

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Of commanding figure and soldierly bearing, with deep-set eyes, hollow, cadaverous cheeks, and mustache and hair an intense blue black, his singular personality alone had anywhere and at all times attracted special attention to the man; but coupled with this distinguished personality, and singling him out as remarkable in the highest degree, was the fact that he lived in duplicate.

Thus—on Monday he arose early, breakfasted on coffee, toast and eggs, afterwards retired to his rooms to occupy himself until noon at his desk; then, after partaking of lunch, quit his rooms to ramble about the city, giving alms to the old blind organ woman, going up and down particular streets and through particular quarters, thence back to his hotel, to his dinner, to his desk after dinner, and finally to bed—on Tuesday he would go through precisely the same regime.

On Wednesday he perhaps would spend the day quite differently, arising late, going out on horseback for the entire day, attending the theater at night, and to bed at midnight or later; but howsoever he spent Wednesday, Thursday—or the day following—was sure to be a repetition down to the smallest detail.

Friday would see commenced a new series of action for Saturday to duplicate.

He was the echo—as it were—of himself, and a consummate echo at that, for time and time again he had been watched to see whether he would not make some mistake or fall in his series of duplication, but whenever it was possible for an act to be duplicated he never had been known to fall in his duplication; and, indeed, he had grown so shrewd in the matter that he never did on one day what could not reasonably be duplicated upon the next—if that succeeding day was to be a duplication of the preceding one, and not the beginning of a new series of action.

Living his own life in his own reserved way, cultured and studious, troubling no one, offending none; doubly liberal in his expenditures and never pressed for means, steadfast in his chosen eccentricity—if such it were—and in his face and manner no questioning doubt of himself, perhaps in time Henry Hobart had been accepted like any other man, the curious had ceased to be curious, and his mysterious character, without any further or deeper scrutiny, had become one of the mysteries of human life, had not the man been suddenly struck down as by an invisible hand and the appalling mystery of his death heightened tenfold the mystery of his life.

On a Tuesday morning, at 15 minutes of ten o'clock, an attendant was summoned by the call-bell to room 63 of the Sumner house, and upon obeying the call found Henry Hobart struggling in the throes of a strange and unnatural death.

The Man Who Did Things Twice, half dressed, standing in the center of his outer room, was battling with the invisible air about him for breath, or, as the attendant put it later, "Like he was fightin' with something that weren't there."

The hotel was aroused, Dr. Thiel was hastily summoned from his office on the next floor, and everything was done that science could suggest or despair persuade, yet in less than ten minutes Henry Hobart lay dead on the floor, within his stilled brain hidden the profound mystery of his life, and still echoing in the death room his one strangled cry ere death sealed his blue lips—"To-morrow!"

It was a strange case, a questionable case, a frightful case, but beyond all it proved a baffling case, for the police came, removed the body to the morgue, intimating death by poison or other foul play, and examined the rooms and overhauled the possessions of the dead man, but who the deceased was, who his kindred or what his former residence, or the cause of his death, they could not discover. The scholarly tomes

that filled his shelves bore no signatures or bookmarks, and private papers of any kind there were none. The autopsy made the same day—afternoon—upon the body of the deceased failed to discover any poison, and Dr. Thiel's belief that the man had been strangled seemed without support, as no foreign substance or growth of any kind was found in the windpipe or air passages.

One thing only seemed certain, one thing only was undisputed—The Man Who Did Things Twice, with severed windpipe and autopsy-marred body, would not duplicate his own death upon the morrow. He had come to his death on a Tuesday, a Tuesday with which—had he lived—he would have begun a new course of action to be duplicated on Wednesday. But he had died, and now for once The Man Who Did Things Twice would fail in his eccentricity. Perhaps for that his spirit would be troubled.

Next morning, while the attendant who had been first on the death scene of the previous day was holding forth at length on the tragedy with certain servant-chronicles, the call-bell suddenly rang and the hand of the call dial spun around and pointed to number 63.



There in the Middle of the Room Was the Man Who Did Things Twice.

The man hastened to obey the summons, not noticing that the hands of the hall clock pointed to 15 minutes of ten, nor delaying to recollect what guest occupied room 63. The tragedy of the preceding day had been the event of his life, and he had not as yet descended to the trifles of his daily routine.

As he tapped briskly at the door of room 63 and put his hand upon the knob to enter, it suddenly came over him that he had done precisely such a thing before. That at about that time of some other morning he had been summoned by the call-bell to room 63—had knocked, turned the knob, entered—and a loud cry, a shout thick with horror, broke from the man's lips, and he reeled back into the hallway.

There before him, in the center of the fateful room, half-dressed, battling with the invisible air, with blue lips

## Japanese Lads have British Instructor

One of the most important officials on board the Japanese training ship Taise Maru, and one in whom is reposed a great part of the responsibility of the training of the marine cadets, is E. A. Phillips, a British master mariner specially commissioned by the government to instruct the young sailors in up-to-date methods of navigation from the English standpoint.

Phillips possesses master's certifi-

and protruding eyes, stood The Man Who Did Things Twice.

The ominous, ghostly hush that followed the frightened attendant's cry was quickly broken by the hurrying of many feet, and soon again the hotel was aroused and again Dr. Thiel bent over the prostrate and dying Henry Hobart.

Outside and distinctly could be heard the clang of the fire-bells, but in the room of death all was sudden silence, all were hushed by the frightful, ghostly thought that the scene before them had been enacted before—the dying man with his discolored face and struggling hands, the physician bending over him, the alarmed, pitying faces of the gathered guests, and the frightened servants huddled in the background. And the man must die—die as he had died!

They looked on, and waited. Then the end came, and Dr. Thiel, a long, tall, thin man, said: "He is dead!" He had uttered those words once before and under like conditions. And the guests and the servants spoke together in horrified whispers, as they had done before; then the assembly broke up and the hall way was cleared as before!

There was something immeasurably painful about it all, to live a thing over in that frightful way, to be, as it were, mere puppets at a show, and one day to be to another day as a reflection in a mirror.

For a time those who had witnessed both tragedies seemed to live in a kind of trance, and moved about and whispered together like beings in a dream; but finally the natural reasserted itself, and then curiosity seized them.

What was the meaning of it? Henry Hobart had died and his body had been mutilated by the surgeon's knife. How, then, had he died a second time and his body shown no marks of the knife? Had they been deceived by a ghost? No; there in room 63 lay the dead man—flesh and blood—and seven blocks away, resting on a marble slab, with the water dripping continually on it, lay the other body of Henry Hobart—The Man Who Did Things Twice.

A sudden doubt came into the mind of Dr. Thiel, a misgiving that frightened him. Was that other body—that autopsy-marred body—still resting quietly on its slab at the morgue? Or—

Hastily quitting the hotel, he hurried towards the morgue, and suddenly came up against an insurmountable blank wall of mystery. The morgue was a heap of charred ruin and smoldering, steaming ashes, and if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had been lying on its slab during the period of the fire, then it had been totally consumed, and that other body up at the hotel was that of a second Henry Hobart; but, if the autopsy-marred body of Henry Hobart had not been lying quietly on its slab during the raging of the fire, then, in God's name, who and what was he who had died up at the Sumner house that morning?

### Colors of Lakes.

Some lakes are distinctly blue; others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grass-covered banks; a few are almost black. The lake of Geneva is azure blue; the lake of Constance and the lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

### Mother-in-Law for Sale.

A mother-in-law has been put up for auction in the streets of Belfast by a well-known local man, named O'Hare. He cleared the house of furniture in spite of the protests of the mother-in-law, raised her on a table, and offered her to the highest bidder, but there were no offers. She subsequently went to the police office and obtained a warrant for assault, but O'Hare had disappeared.

### Parisians Stick to the Horse.

While New York and London are talking about the displacement of horses in the city streets and the possibility of their final disappearance from the cities through the growing use of electricity and of automobiles, the number of horses used in Paris grows at a rapid rate.

### Principle.

Miss Sweetly—Why, Miss Scrawny! I thought you said fishing was cruelty.

Miss Scrawny—So it is. I'll give every fish I catch his liberty.—Puck.

# UNCLE SAM'S NEW FORESTERS AND THEIR WORK



FOREST OFFICERS WORKING ON FLACHER LINES

Thirty-nine young graduates of nine American forest schools have lately received appointments as forest assistants in the forest service and have been assigned to positions for the present field season. The new appointees are drawn from the various forest schools as follows: Yale, 18; Biltmore, five; University of Minnesota, four; University of Michigan, four; Michigan Agriculture college, three; Harvard, two; Cornell, one; University of Iowa, one; University of Nebraska, one. They have secured their appointments as a result of passing the regular civil service examination, which is the only avenue to employment as a forester under the government. In addition to these graduates of forest schools, 15 other candidates passed the examination.

Twenty-two of the new appointees are already at work on various national forests, taking part in their administration, and 17 have been assigned to different projects connected with the technical study of silviculture. Forest assistants are men who have completed their preliminary training for the profession of forestry, as the graduates of a law or medical school have completed theirs, and are ready to enter on practical work. Until they have gained experience in their work, however, their positions are necessarily subordinate. They are at the foot of the ladder and must prove their fitness in order to mount higher. The government pays them \$1,000 a year at the start.

On the national forests the forest assistant often acts as adviser to the supervisors in charge, who are western men experienced in all practical matters, but usually without school training in the science of forestry.

There is a growing interest in the profession of forestry now, and many young men are asking how to get into it and what it promises. Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, has lately written on this subject:

"To be a good forester a man should combine something of the naturalist with a good deal of the business man. To know how to use the forest he must be able to study it. He must have, therefore, the power of observation, a fondness for nature, and the ability to penetrate her secrets. But if he is to succeed he must also have good practical judgment and the ability to meet and handle men. He must be resourceful, able to stand by himself, willing to undergo the privations of rough life, and capable of commanding the respect of rough men, who quickly recognize virility and genuineness of character, but will not tolerate pretense or the assumption of superiority. A forester needs a vigorous mind in a vigorous body. He must be of the kind that likes to get things done, and does not give up when things are not going his way.

"The professional forester cannot hope for big fees and certain pleasant surroundings of life which crown distinguished success in some other pro-

fessions. The first prizes which are bestowed upon the great lawyer, the eminent physician, are not yet open to him. He must be content without much luxury, he will have to spend a good deal of time out of reach of the ordinary comforts. He must be able and willing to rough it without complaint—to sleep on hard beds, eat homely fare, endure prolonged exertion and get along with plain people. On the other hand, if he is at all fitted for his profession—and a few weeks of actual forest work or good summer-school work will tell him whether he is or not—there is open to him a very rich reward—life in the open, in the midst of beautiful, healthful and congenial surroundings, creative work of unmatched usefulness in any material field, a place of large responsibility and dignity, and with it all a fair living.

"If the forester's temperament is scientific he will have the joy of the discoverer and organizer of knowledge in a rich and almost virgin field, while if it be practical he will have the chance of sharing in a national work of prime importance to our people both now and hereafter."

### Asleep for Thirty-Two Years.

A most remarkable case of a woman who has slept for 32 years is reported in "Der Tag" from Monsternæs, near Stockholm. Karoline Karlstatter was a schoolgirl of 13 when she suddenly fell asleep over her books in the schoolroom. After fruitless efforts on the teacher's part to rouse her the girl was carried home. She slept until quite recently, when she awoke to find that her childhood and girlhood were long past, and that she is now a middle-aged woman of 45. Fraulein Karlstatter is not very much worried over the matter, however. She feels as fresh and as full of energy as if she had merely enjoyed a good night's rest. Her chief concern at present is to make up for lost time and complete her education, which was so abruptly interrupted.

### Beginning Early.

"Papa," said little Rollo, whose father was shaving himself, "didn't you tell me once that a man was a benefactor who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then a man who makes safety razors is a benefactor, isn't he?"

"Why so?" asked his father.

"Because he makes ten blades grow where there wasn't any before," answered little Rollo.

"Alvira," groaned the sad father, "that boy is going to be a humorist."

### Seeking a Happy Medium.

"What do you intend to give to our campaign fund?" asked the political expert. "It's hard to decide," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The amount must, of course, be big enough to help the cause and at the same time small enough not to start a scandal."